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ELEKTRA™

Assassin

Sienkiewicz
'87

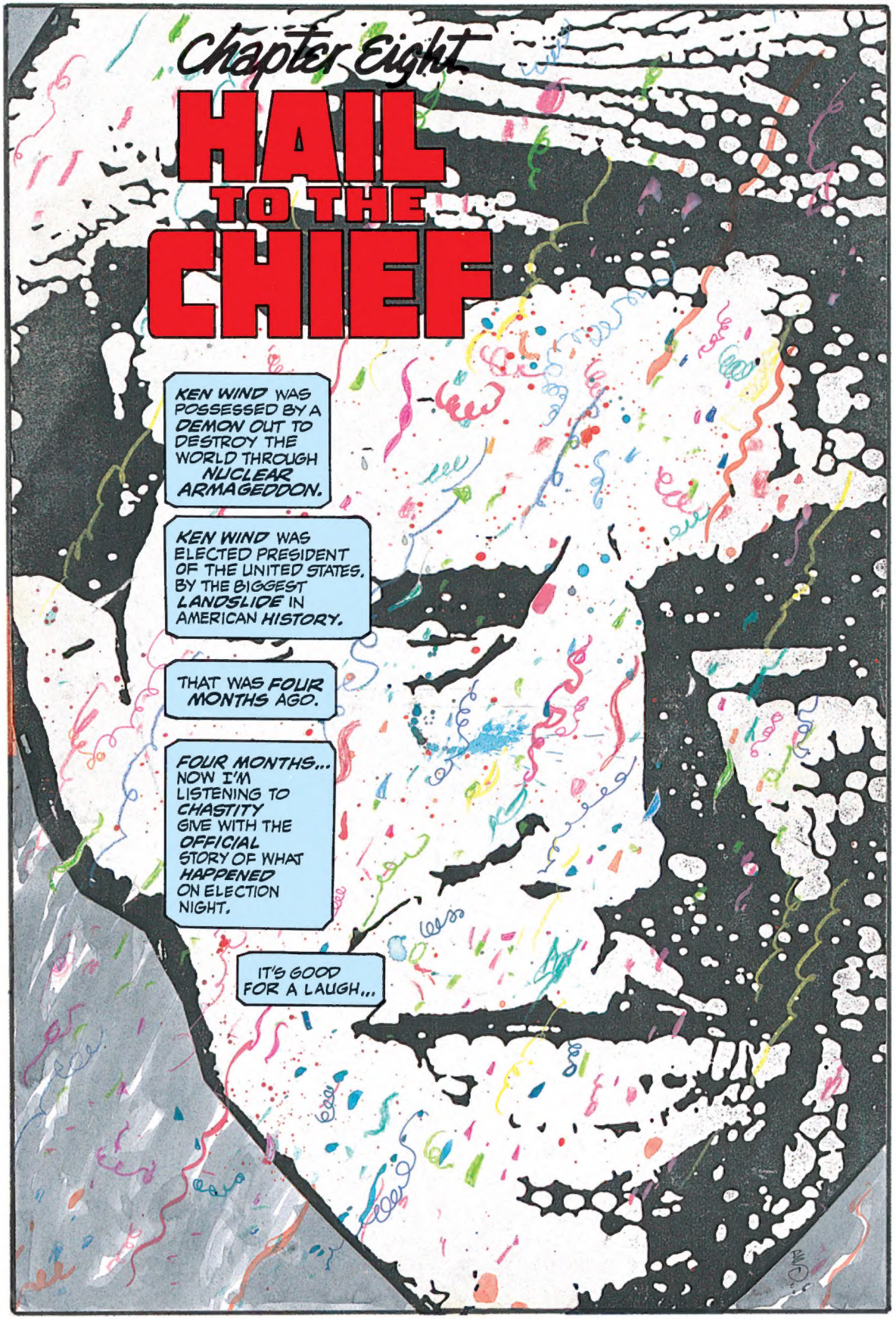
Ex-President tried to start World War Three, says aide

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Former Presidential aide Jeff Rictus claimed that the Ex-President tried to launch a full nuclear attack on Soviet Russia upon learning of Ken Wind's election night victory. Rictus made his remarks at a press conference today.

Rictus detailed what he called "a psychotic episode" on the part of the Ex-President. "He was screaming," said Rictus, "we had to drag him to the floor and pry the box from his fingers."

"The box" is White House slang for the device by which the President can commit U.S. nuclear weaponry. It is never more than six feet from the President.

The Ex-President was unavailable for comment.



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S.H.I.E.L.D

SPECIAL REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT, COMMANDER CHASTITY McBRYDE, DICTATING, FROM SUBSEA BASE TWELVE.

OUR INVESTIGATION INTO THE ELECTION NIGHT ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT IS NOW FOUR MONTHS OLD, AND HAS, AS YET, FAILED TO YIELD CONCLUSIVE RESULTS.

WE REMAIN UNABLE TO ASCERTAIN THE IDENTITY OF THE *LEADER* OF THE CONSPIRACY, NOR DO WE KNOW WHY SHE TRIED TO *KILL* YOU, MR. PRESIDENT.

SHE AND HER *COLLABORATOR*, FORMER *SHIELD* AGENT *GARRETT*, REMAIN UNRESPONSIVE TO INTERROGATION...

STEADY FEED. SYNAPSE SCAN. STEP IT UP.

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON. KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON.

...WHILE *MIND PROBES* HAVE PRODUCED *BEWILDERING* READINGS. THE *WOMAN'S* BRAIN SEEMS FUNCTIONAL ONLY ON THE MOST *PRIMITIVE* LEVEL REQUIRED TO KEEP HER *ALIVE*.

GARRETT, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS IN THE GRIP OF A REPEATED VISUAL *FANTASY* FEATURING *YOU* AND A *MONSTER*--OR *DEMON*--CALLED THE *BEAST*...

--ENGINEERING A *NUCLEAR WAR*. OUR *PARAPSYCH* DIVISION HAS SUGGESTED THAT THIS *DELUSION* WAS PART OF THE WOMAN'S *MENTAL DOMINATION* OF GARRETT.

...YES, SIR. *PARAPSYCH* IS TENTATIVELY *CERTAIN* THAT THE *WOMAN* WAS IN *CONTROL* OF GARRETT'S *ACTIONS* FOR *WEEKS* BEFORE THE ELECTION NIGHT ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE.

FROM MY OWN ENCOUNTER WITH HER, I CAN TESTIFY THAT HER *PSYCHIC* ABILITIES ARE AS EXTENSIVE AS THOSE SHE DEMONSTRATED IN *COMBAT*.

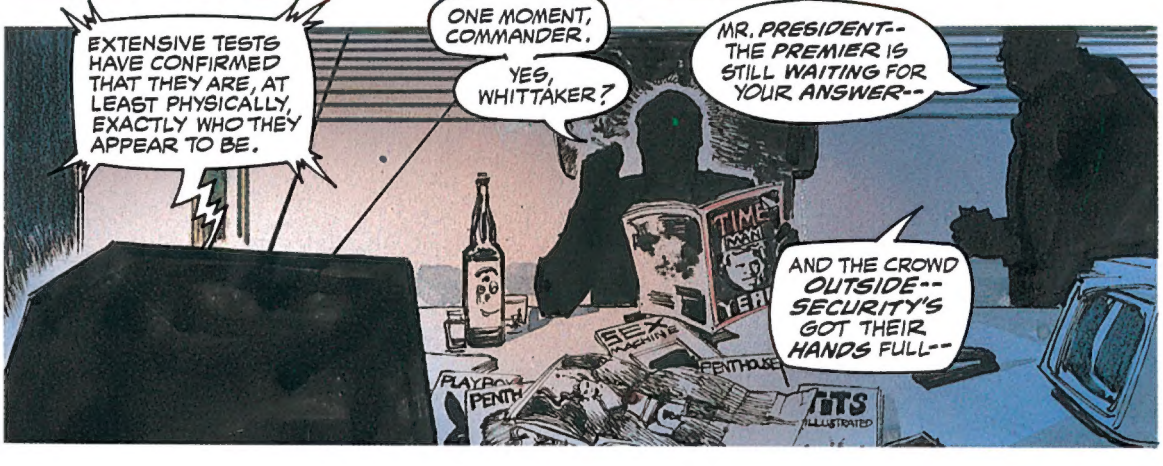
I HAD PURSUED THE TWO TO A WASHINGTON, D.C. STREET. THE WOMAN ASSAULTED ME.

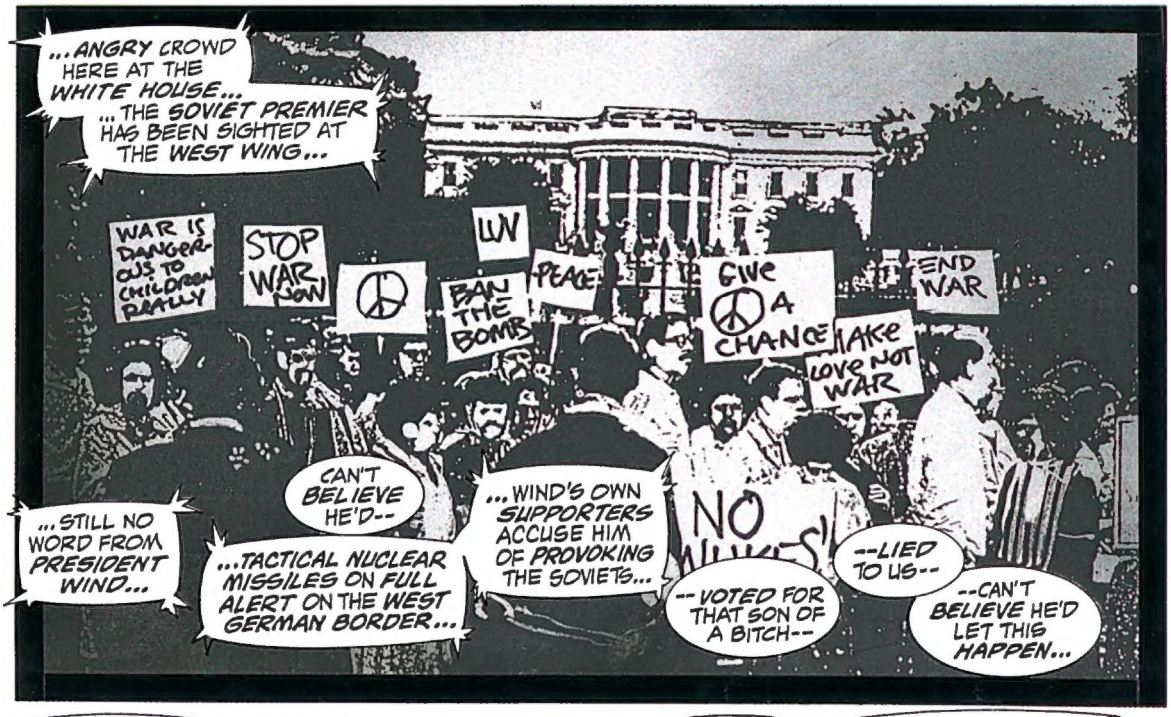
I REMEMBER FEELING *DIZZY* AS WE FOUGHT-- HAVING *THOUGHTS* THAT WERE NOT MY *OWN*. THEN *GARRETT* SHOT ME--

--BUT TO AGENCY *CAMERAS*, IT APPEARED THAT THE *WOMAN* HAD BEEN STRUCK DOWN.

THIS *ILLUSION* LASTED EVEN *AFTER* I WAS PLACED ON *LIFE SUPPORT* AT THE AGENCY'S AIRBORNE CENTRAL COMMAND...

...WHERE IT *VANISHED*--AS DID A SECOND SET OF *BRAIN WAVES*. LET ME ASSURE YOU, THOUGH, THAT THERE IS NO EVIDENCE OF ANY SUCH DISTORTION WITH OUR TWO PRISONERS.





...THE THIRD--AND MOST DANGEROUS--MEMBER OF THE ASSASSINATION CONSPIRACY, WAS GARRETT'S FORMER PARTNER--CYBORG AGENT ARTHUR PERRY.

AS THE SENATE INQUIRY REVEALED...

...OUR CYBORG DIVISION, EXTECHOP, RECRUITED CONVICTED CRIMINALS AS FIELD OPERATIVES.

PERRY, WAS, IN FACT, A PSYCHOPATH, A RAPIST, AND A SERIAL KILLER.

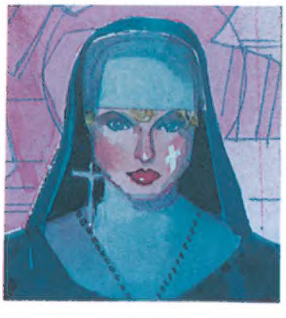
EXTECHOP ENGINEERS TRANSFORMED PERRY INTO A VIRTUALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE *LIVING WEAPON.* ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF PERRY'S ORIGINAL BODY WAS HIS DEMENTED *BRAIN.*

HIS EXACT *ROLE* IN THE ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE REMAINS A *MYSTERY.* PLEASE BEAR WITH ME AS I ATTEMPT TO RECONSTRUCT THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS ON ELECTION NIGHT.

AS YOU KNOW, SIR, THE STADIUM WAS *FILLED* WITH YOUR SUPPORTERS. THIS, OF COURSE, MADE YOU *DIFFICULT* TO PROTECT. WE EMPLOYED THE *LATEST* IN AGENCY TECHNOLOGY...

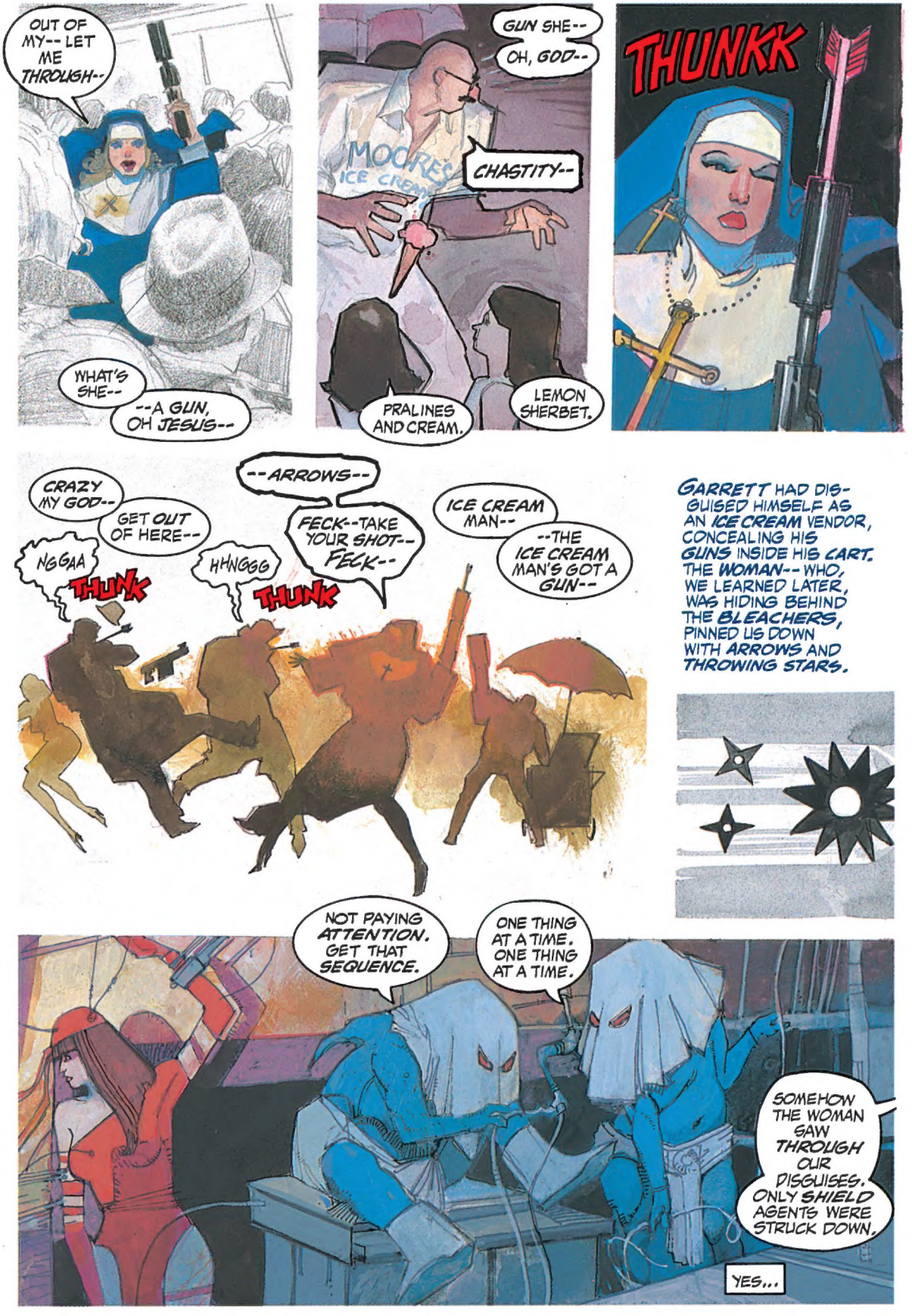
...YOU WERE *PROTECTED* BY NEWLY DEVELOPED LIGHTWEIGHT *BODY ARMOR.* YOU WERE NEVER MORE THAN *THREE FEET* AWAY FROM ARMED *AGENTS.*

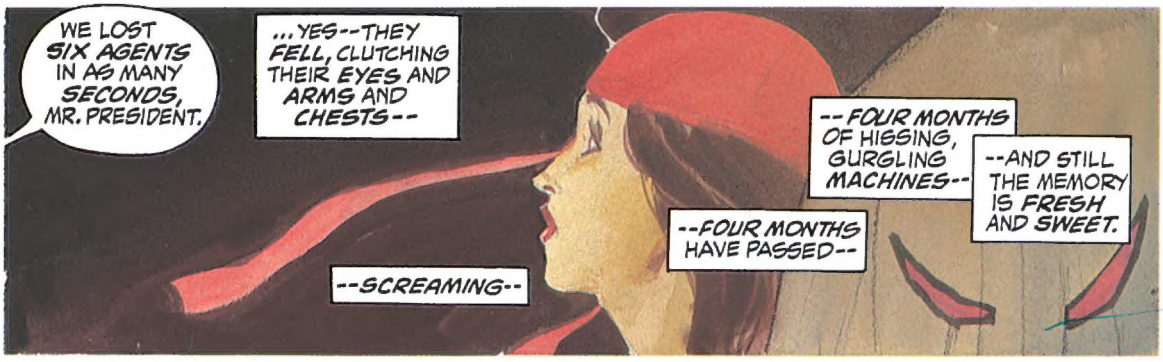
HELICOPTER SQUADS, WITH LASER-SIGHT *GUNS* PRECISE ENOUGH TO PICK OFF ONE OF GARRETT'S *CIGARETTES,* MAINTAINED SURVEILLANCE.

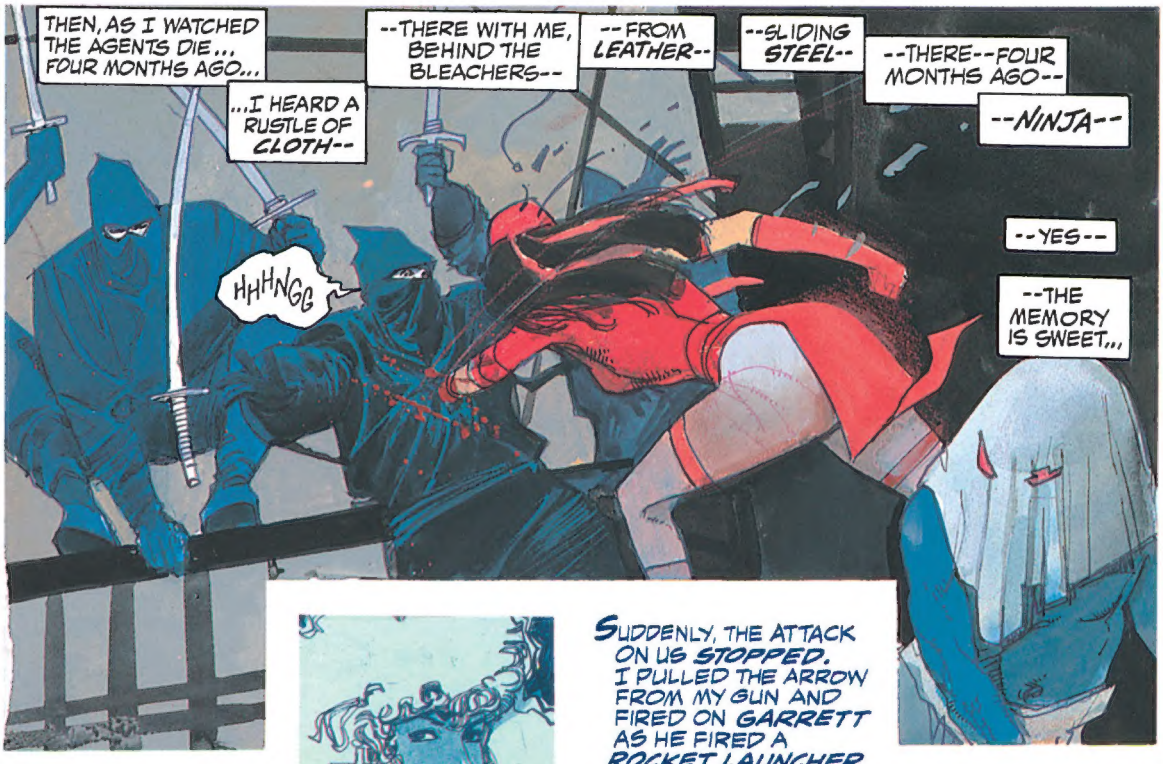


I LED ONE HUNDRED UNDERCOVER OPERATIVES, IN THE CROWD. EACH OF US WORE DEVICES DESIGNED TO DETECT THE *CYBORG* ACTIVITY OF *GARRETT* OR *PERRY.*

YOU WERE STEPPING ON TO THE STAGE WHEN I PICKED UP GARRETT'S SIGNAL. I TRACKED HIM THROUGH THE CROWD...

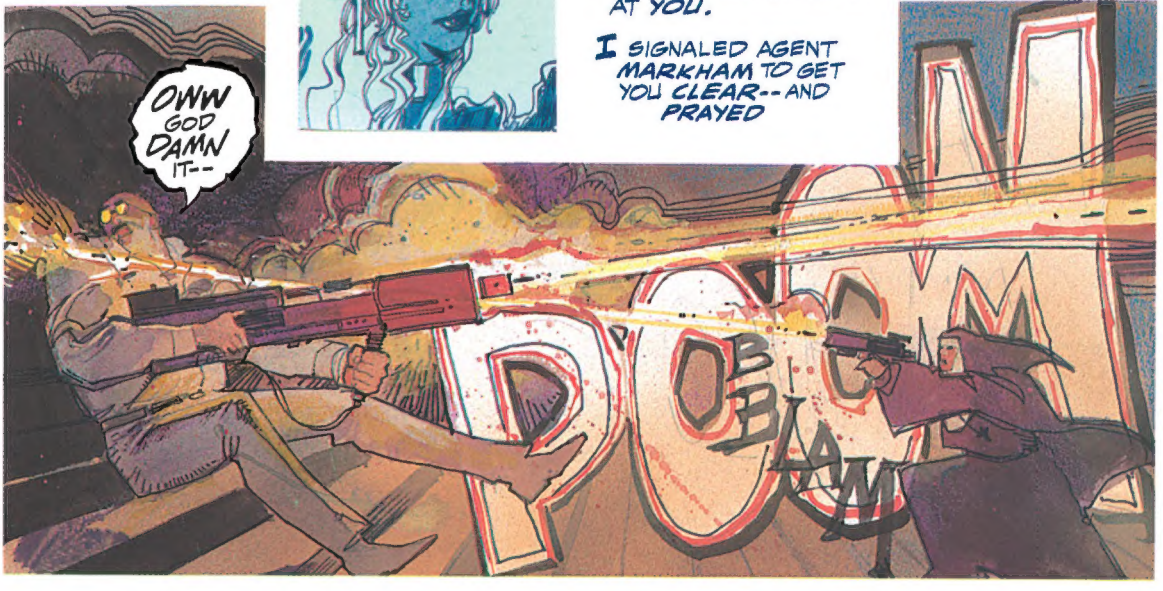

OUT OF MY-- LET ME THROUGH--
WHAT'S SHE--
--A GUN, OH JESUS--
GUN SHE--
OH, GOD--
CHASTITY--
PRALINES AND CREAM.
LEMON SHERBET.
THUNKK
CRAZY MY GOD--
GET OUT OF HERE--
NGGAA
THUNK
HHNGGG
--ARROWS--
FECK--TAKE YOUR SHOT--
FECK--
THUNK
ICE CREAM MAN--
--THE ICE CREAM MAN'S GOT A GUN--
GARRETT HAD DISGUISED HIMSELF AS AN ICE CREAM VENDOR, CONCEALING HIS GUNS INSIDE HIS CART. THE WOMAN-- WHO, WE LEARNED LATER, WAS HIDING BEHIND THE BLEACHERS, PINNED US DOWN WITH ARROWS AND THROWING STARS.
NOT PAYING ATTENTION. GET THAT SEQUENCE.
ONE THING AT A TIME. ONE THING AT A TIME.
SOMEHOW THE WOMAN SAW THROUGH OUR DISGUISES. ONLY SHIELD AGENTS WERE STRUCK DOWN.
YES...

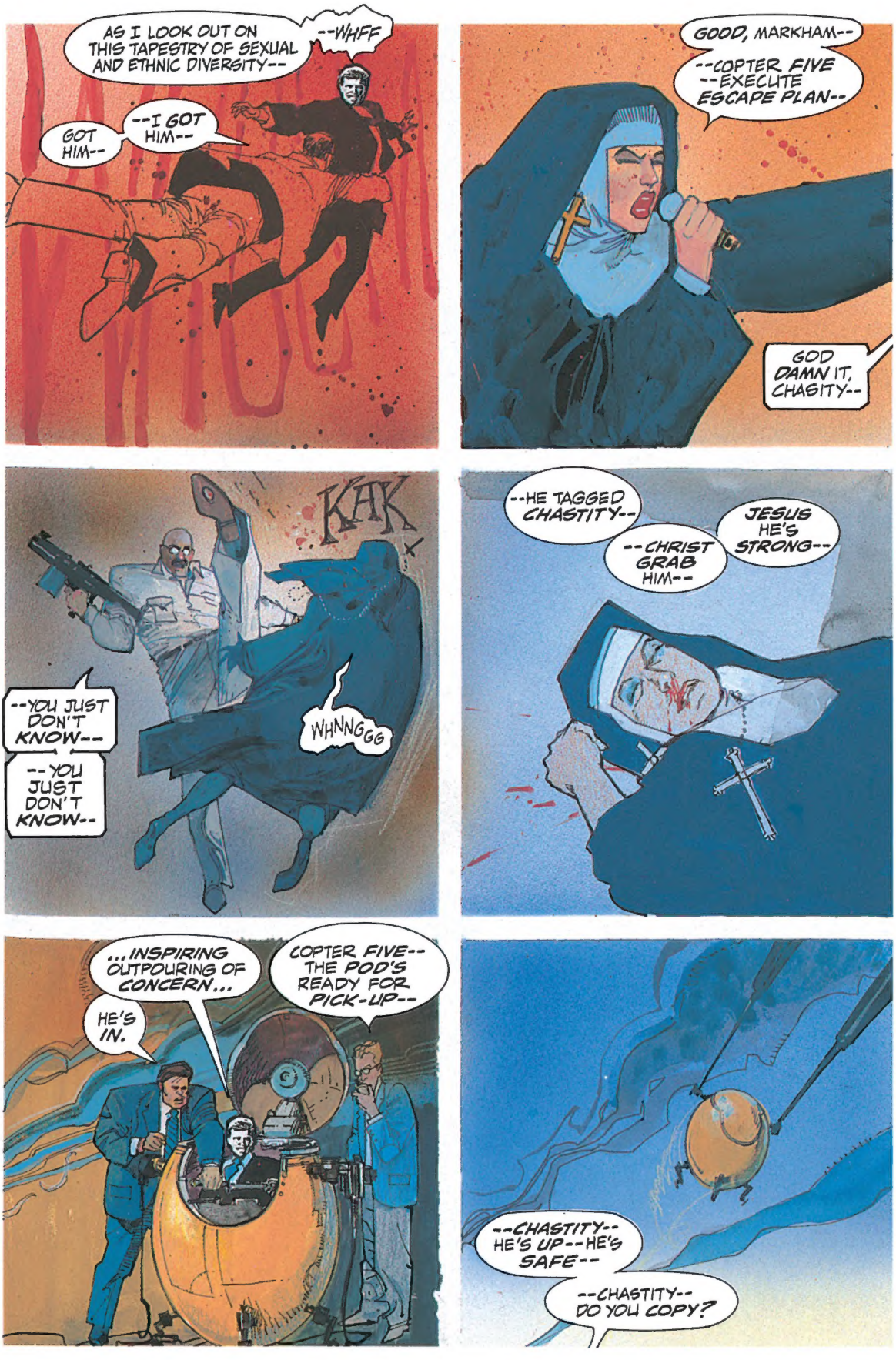


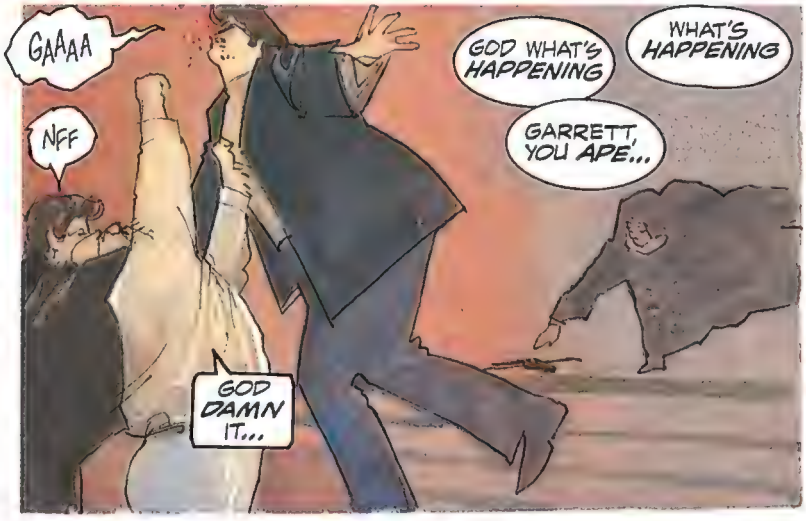


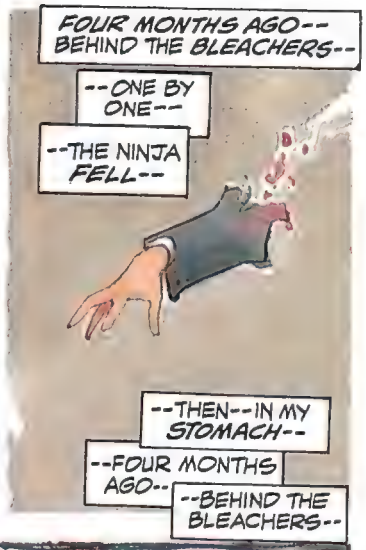
SUDDENLY, THE ATTACK ON US STOPPED. I PULLED THE ARROW FROM MY GUN AND FIRED ON GARRETT AS HE FIRED A ROCKET LAUNCHER AT YOU.

I SIGNALED AGENT MARKHAM TO GET YOU CLEAR--AND PRAYED

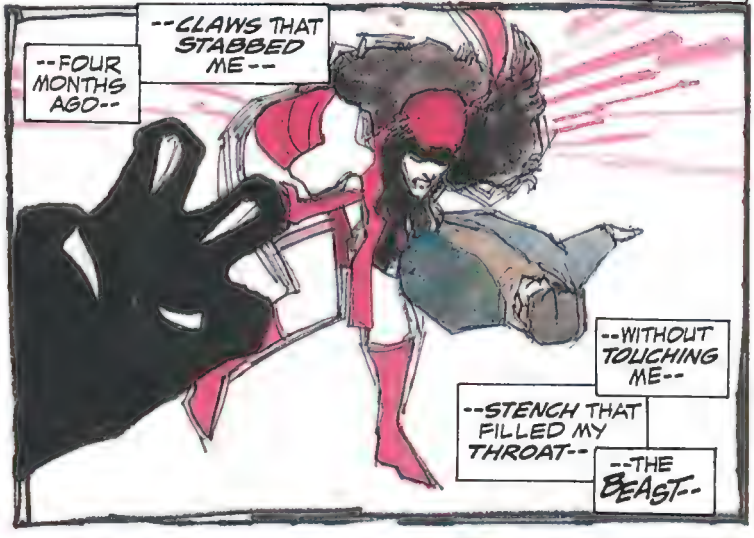


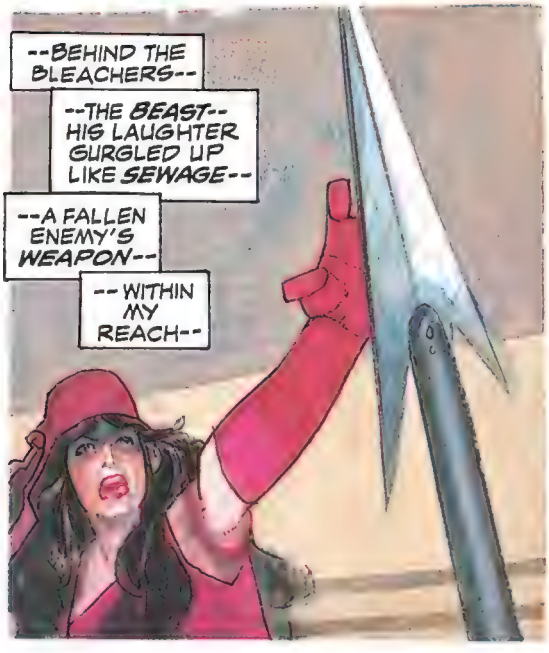

AS I LOOK OUT ON THIS TAPESTRY OF SEXUAL AND ETHNIC DIVERSITY--
--WHFF
--I GOT HIM--
GOT HIM--
GOOD, MARKHAM--
--COPTER FIVE --EXECUTE ESCAPE PLAN--
GOD DAMN IT, CHASITY--
KAK
--YOU JUST DON'T KNOW--
--YOU JUST DON'T KNOW--
WHNNGGG
--HE TAGGED CHASTITY--
--CHRIST GRAB HIM--
JESUS HE'S STRONG--
...INSPIRING OUTPOURING OF CONCERN...
HE'S IN.
COPTER FIVE-- THE POD'S READY FOR PICK-UP--
--CHASTITY-- HE'S UP--HE'S SAFE--
--CHASTITY-- DO YOU COPY?


GAAAA
NFF
GOD WHAT'S HAPPENING
WHAT'S HAPPENING
GARRETT, YOU APE...
GOD DAMN IT...


FOUR MONTHS AGO-- BEHIND THE BLEACHERS--
--ONE BY ONE--
--THE NINJA FELL--
--THEN--IN MY STOMACH--
--FOUR MONTHS AGO--
--BEHIND THE BLEACHERS--

--IN MY STOMACH--
--SUDDEN AGONY--
--CLAWS THAT RIPPED ME--

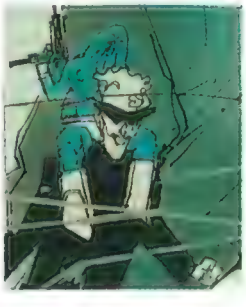

--FOUR MONTHS AGO--
--CLAWS THAT STABBED ME--
--WITHOUT TOUCHING ME--
--STENCH THAT FILLED MY THROAT--
--THE BEAST--


--BEHIND THE BLEACHERS--
--THE BEAST-- HIS LAUGHTER GURGLED UP LIKE SEWAGE--
--A FALLEN ENEMY'S WEAPON--
-- WITHIN MY REACH--

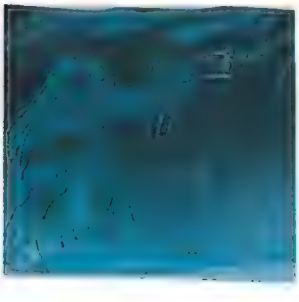
--BEHIND THE BLEACHERS--
--FOUR MONTHS AGO...

I WAS BREAKING AWAY FROM THE AGENTS WHEN ELEKTRA COMMANDEERED MY MIND--
--AND USED MY ARM TO TOSS A GRENADE AT THE BLEACHERS.
WHAT THE HELL--
GET SOME ALTITUDE--
WHOOM
SHE RODE THE EXPLOSION--
--FIRED HER CROSSBOW--
WHUP WHUP
HAWK
KA
BLAM

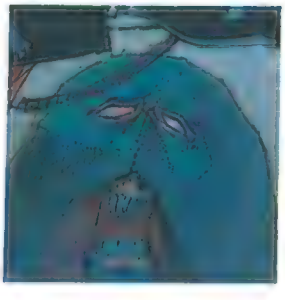
--ABOVE THE STADIUM--
--FOUR MONTHS AGO...



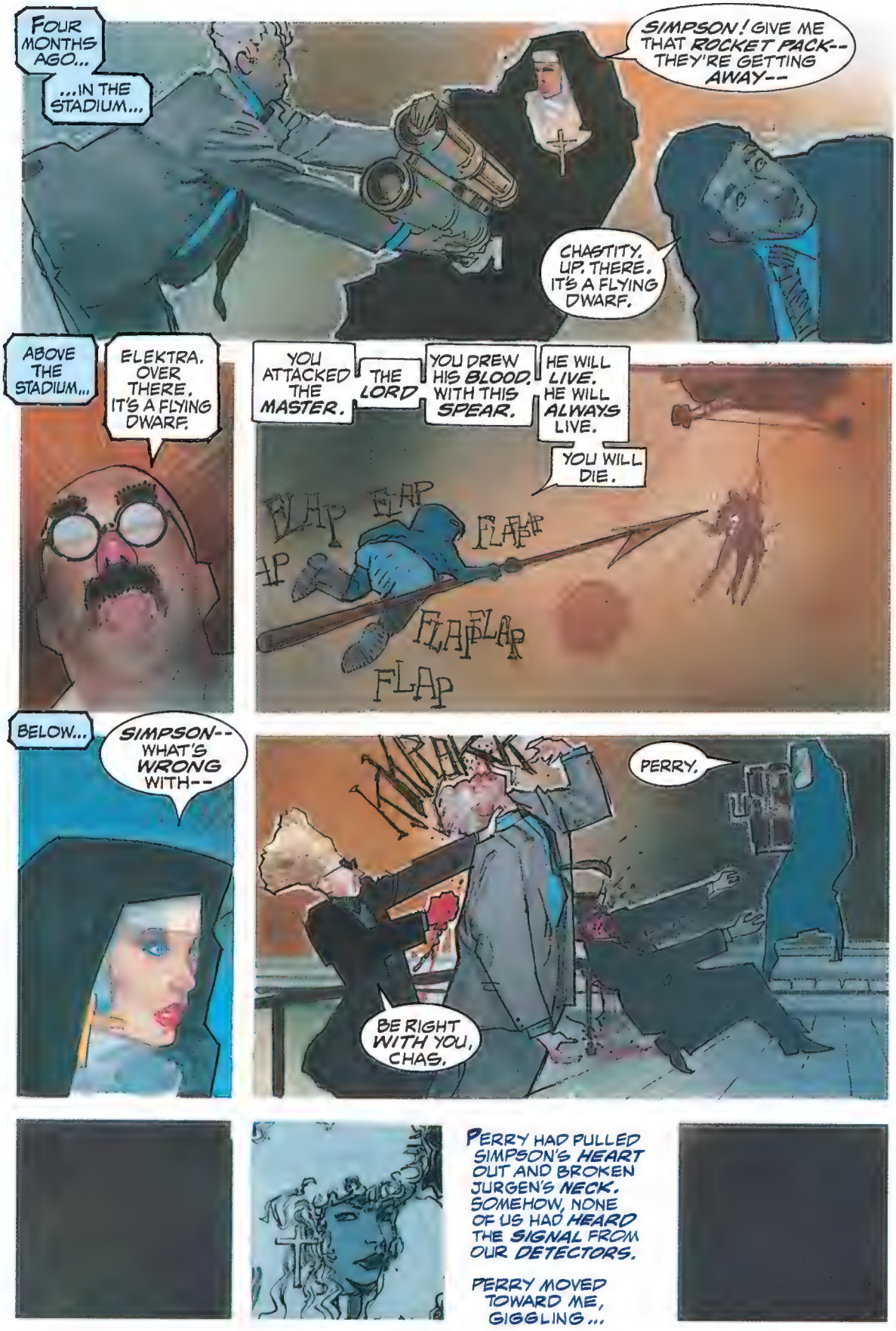
...PERRY BEFRIENDED ONE DWARF, WHO AIDED IN PERRY'S ESCAPE FROM SHIELD AIRBORNE CENTRAL COMMAND--



--SHOWING, ALONG THE WAY, MOTOR SKILLS FAR BEYOND THE NORMAL CAPACITY OF ITS SUBSPECIES.



A CHECK OF ITS CODE DISCLOSED THAT MUTATED REPTILE AND RODENT CELLS WERE EMPLOYED IN ITS GENERATION. HENCE, THIS PARTICULAR DWARF'S ABILITY TO FLY...



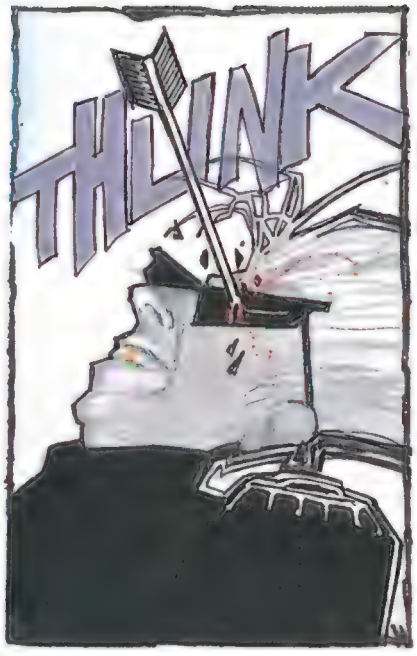
PERRY HAD PULLED SIMPSON'S HEART OUT AND BROKEN JURGEN'S NECK. SOMEHOW, NONE OF US HAD HEARD THE SIGNAL FROM OUR DETECTORS.

PERRY MOVED TOWARD ME, GIGGLING...

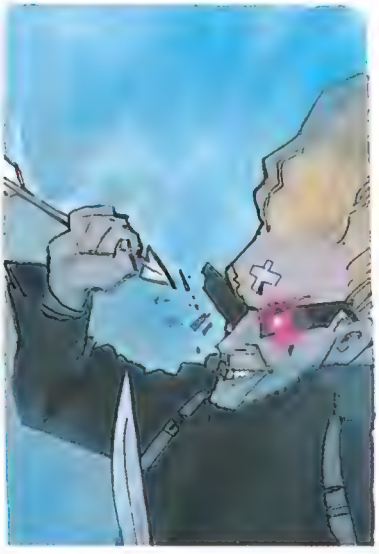
ABOVE...
OWW. YOU LITTLE SHIT--
THE BEAST IS POWER.
THE BEAST IS MAGIC.
THE BEAST IS THE BEGINNING.
THE BEAST IS THE EN--
KLANNG
THUNK
BELOW...
WISH I HAD THE TIME, CHAS.
ORDERS. YOU KNOW.
ABOVE...
...I GRABBED THE CABLE AND PULLED IT RIGHT TOWARD US.
SHE DID THE REST.
WHEN IT STOPPED SQUEALING, I HEARD THE ROCKET PACK.
I LOOKED DOWN EXPECTING TO SEE CHASTITY DOING AN IMPERSONATION OF SALLY FIELD.
IT WASN'T CHASTITY.
CHUCK. NASTY.
LITTLE SHIT GOT ME AROUND GOOD.

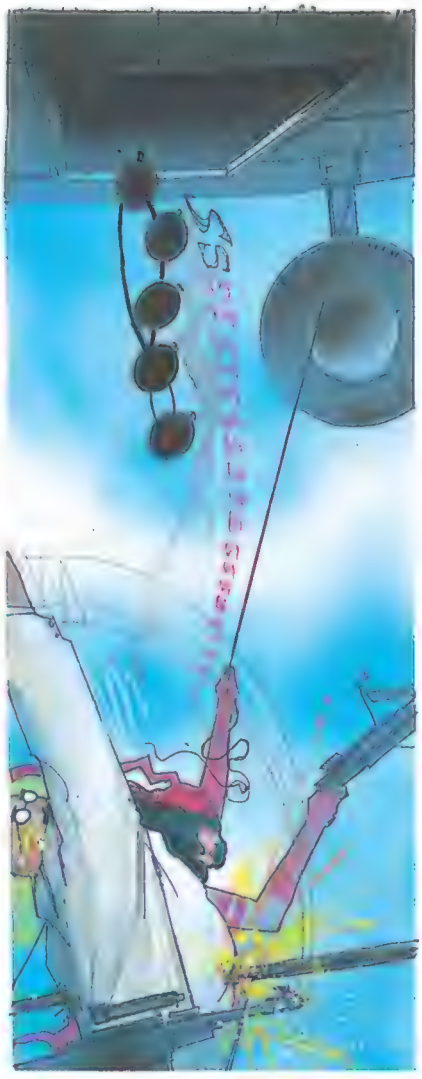
BRAK

BEEYOW
SPILL
GARR. PAL. BUDDY. HEY. GETTING ANY?


THUNK

SSSSS
ZZZT
ZAKKKK





THE GRENADES WENT *UP.*

THEN THE *FUEL TANK.*

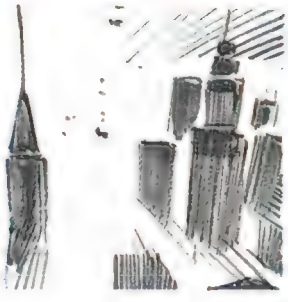
PLASTIC BUBBLED ACROSS MY BACK.

ABOVE THE CITY--

FOUR MONTHS AGO...

THE COPTER STRUCK *PERRY* AND DEMOLISHED ITSELF NEAR THE *LINCOLN MEMORIAL.*

SINCE YOUR *ESCAPE POD* WAS *ATTACHED* TO THE COPTER, MR. PRESIDENT--



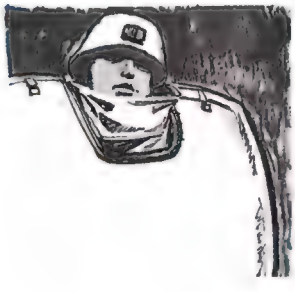
--RETRIEVING YOU WAS CLEARLY THE PRIORITY.

OUR GROUND CREW WAS EQUIPPED WITH THE WEAPONRY THAT *EXTECHOP* GUARANTEED WOULD BE *EFFECTIVE* AGAINST PERRY...

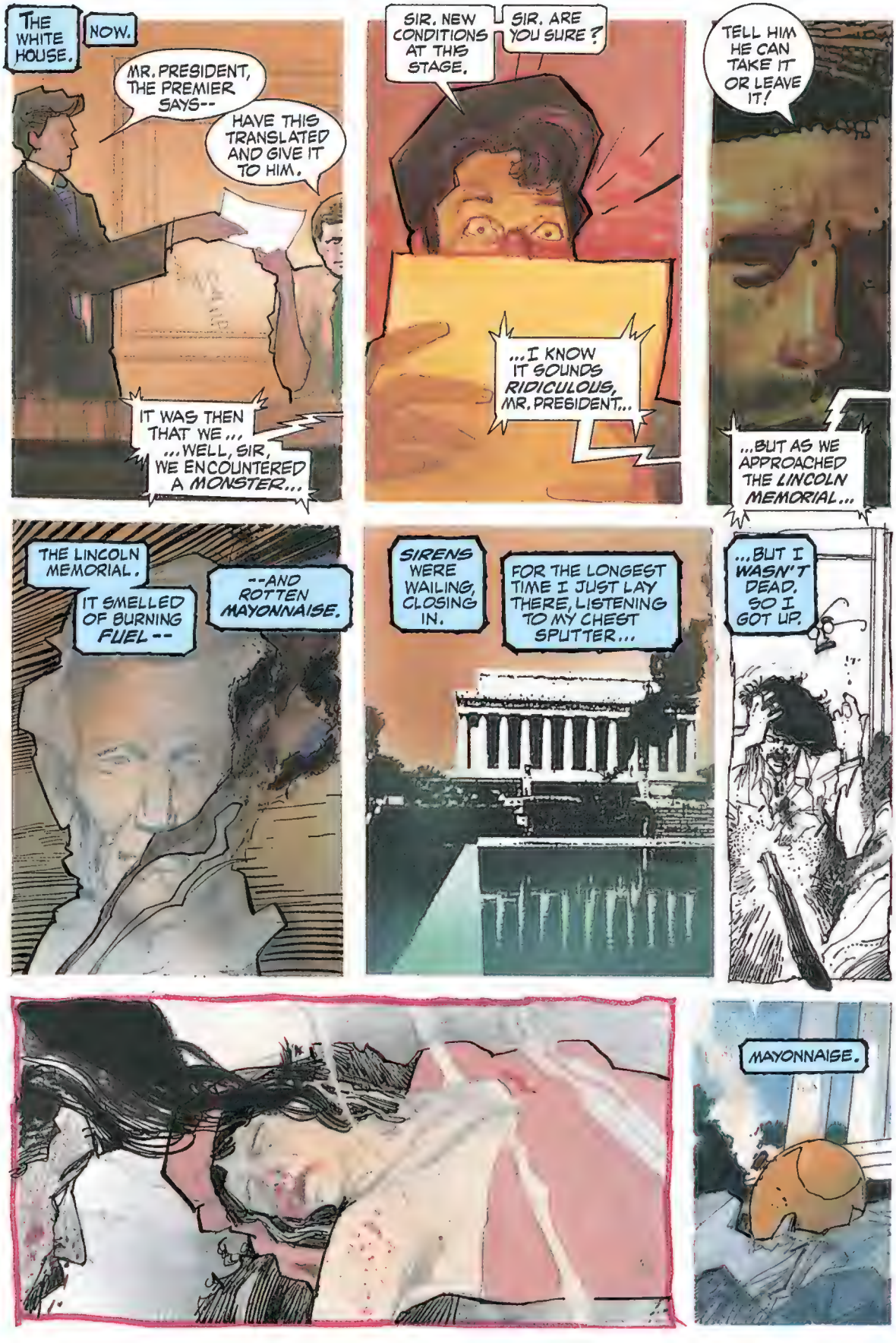
PRELIMINARY TESTS ON THE ALLOYS THAT COMPOSED PERRY'S *SKELETON* LEFT US LITTLE HOPE OF DOING DIRECT STRUCTURAL DAMAGE--

--BUT WE WERE ASSURED THAT HIS PLASTIC *SKIN* WOULD BE VULNERABLE TO SUSTAINED *LASER* FIRE.

PERRY'S *OWN* LASER CAPABILITY WAS COUNTERED WITH *BODY ARMOR.* NO DEFENSE AGAINST HIS *PHYSICAL* STRENGTH COULD BE PREPARED.



MOST IMPORTANT OF OUR EQUIPMENT WAS OUR *PARTICLE CANNON,* DESIGNED TO CANCEL OUT PERRY'S *INTERNAL GENERATOR* WITH A CONCENTRATED STREAM OF *PROTONS.*


THE WHITE HOUSE.
NOW.
MR. PRESIDENT, THE PREMIER SAYS--
HAVE THIS TRANSLATED AND GIVE IT TO HIM.
IT WAS THEN THAT WE ... ...WELL, SIR, WE ENCOUNTERED A MONSTER...
SIR. NEW CONDITIONS AT THIS STAGE.
SIR. ARE YOU SURE?
...I KNOW IT SOUNDS RIDICULOUS, MR. PRESIDENT...
TELL HIM HE CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!
...BUT AS WE APPROACHED THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL...
THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.
IT SMELLED OF BURNING FUEL--
--AND ROTTEN MAYONNAISE.
SIRENS WERE WAILING, CLOSING IN.
FOR THE LONGEST TIME I JUST LAY THERE, LISTENING TO MY CHEST SPUTTER...
...BUT I WASN'T DEAD. SO I GOT UP.
MAYONNAISE.

SON OF A BITCH...
NGGNN SON OF A BITCH...
KRKKK
HAVING TROUBLE THINKING, GARRETT?
HAVING TROUBLE BREATHING?
...KILL YOU YOU SON OF A BITCH...
SNAP!
GGNAAAA
KRAT!
A HEARTENING GESTURE OF SUPPORT.
TRULY.

CHASTITY'S VOICE CRACKS A LITTLE...

...YES, MR. PRESIDENT. A *MONSTER*. I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO CALL IT. WE WERE APPROACHING THE *LINCOLN MEMORIAL*...

JESUS. WHAT'S THAT *GREEN SHIT*?

SMELLS LIKE--

GAS MASKS. AND NO *PROFANITY*.

OVERTIME.

HEAR *PERRY* GIGGLING IN THERE...

CHASTITY-- I CAN STILL *SMELL* IT!

THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*...

BONUS.

QUIET. BRING THE *CANNON* UP.

FARBER. GET ME AN *ANALYSIS* OF THE *GAS*.

EASTMAN. CALL THE *COPTERS*. GET SOME *OXYGEN HOSES* DOWN HERE--

THEN, MR. PRESIDENT-- EVERYTHING STOPPED MAKING *SENSE*. *FARBER* JUST *GURGLED* AND PITCHED *OVER*. AND *EASTMAN*-- SIR, HIS *HEAD* EXPLODED... YES, SIR... IT JUST *EXPLODED*...

...AND I--EXCUSE ME, SIR?..., THE GAS? WELL, IT SMELLED... NO, SIR, EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I'M RATHER FOND OF MAYONNAISE... IT WAS JUST THEN, SIR, THAT I FELT *CLAWS* DIG INTO MY *CHEST*-- LIKE A WILD *ANIMAL'S*--

GOD, IT'S--

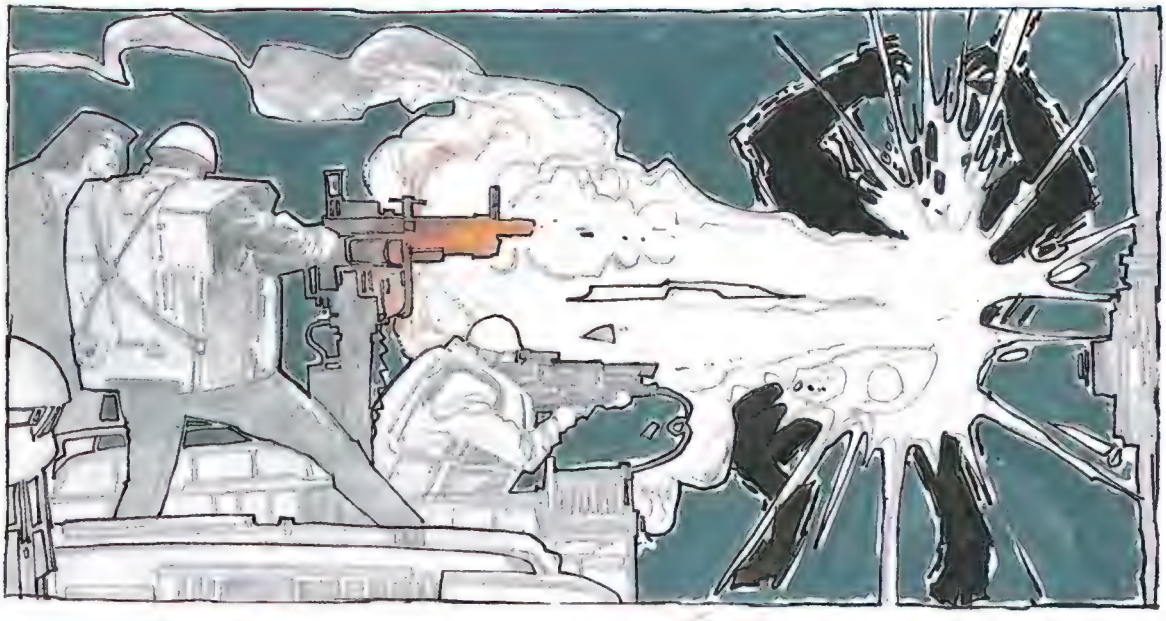
EASTMAN-- HIS GOD DAMN *HEAD*--

OH JESUS--

OH JESUS, *KELLEY*--

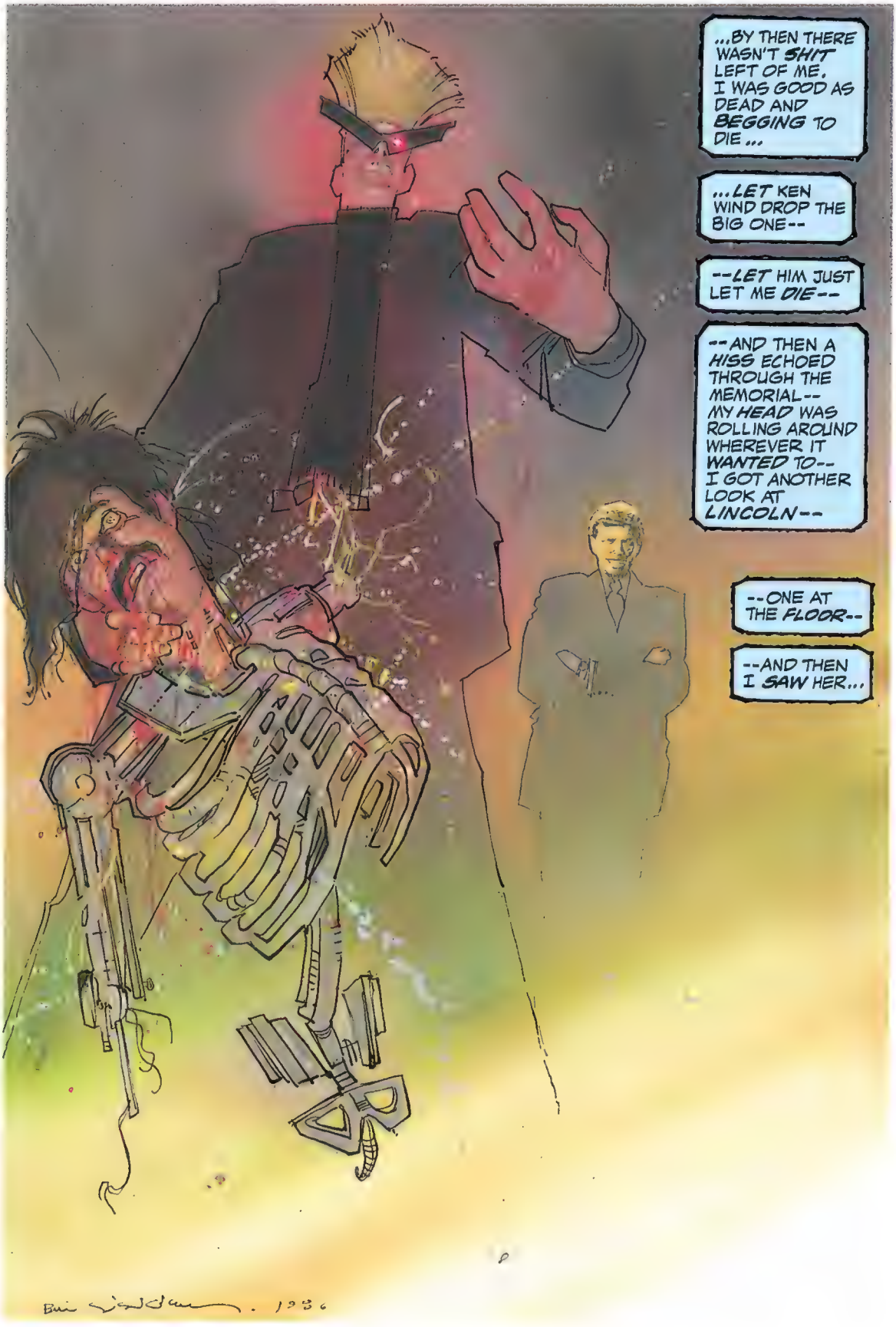
INFRARED-- GET ME INFRARED--
THERE'S SOMETHING-- SOMETHING HERE--
BUT--
--BUT IT'S COLD, CHASTITY--
--I'VE GOT IT ON THE SCOPE--
--BUT IT'S SO COLD IT READS NEGATIVE--
--IT-- GOD--
EXPLODED
MARX
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE MARX EXPLODED--
INSIDE...
PERRY YOU ASSHOLE...
...YOU JUST DON'T KNOW...
ABOUT KEN WIND? MY MAN KEN WIND?
I KNOW ALL ABOUT KEN WIND, GARR.
GAAAA
PSSSSSSST
AND THE BEAST-- RIGHT NOW HE'S ACING CHASTITY AND THE BOYS, BUD.
I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE BEAST AND THAT MILK THAT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE YOU GOT THE BALLS OF EVERY SHIT WHO EVER MADE YOU CRAWL RIGHT IN YOUR HAND...
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW VALIDATED THIS MAKES ME FEEL.
SHIT. YEAH.

I ORDERED WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE TEAM TO CONCENTRATE *LASER FIRE* ON THE MONSTER. IT SCREAMED--IF THAT'S THE WORD FOR IT--THE *STENCH* GOT *WORSE*-- WE KEPT FIRING...



...THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS LYING UNCONSCIOUS ON THE GROUND. PETERSEN AND I, AND SEVERAL WEAPONS MAINTENANCE DWARFS, HAD SURVIVED... EXCUSE ME, MR. PRESIDENT?...

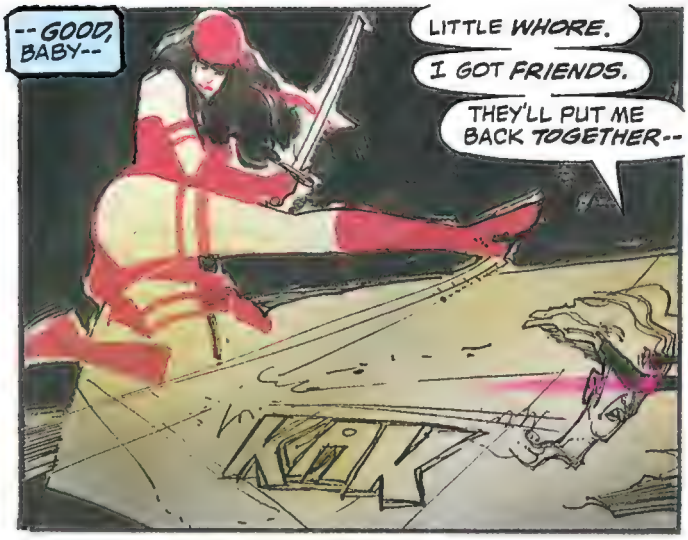
...NO, SIR. WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK AT ALL IN DETERMINING WHAT IT WAS WE FOUGHT. I AM HOPEFUL, HOWEVER, THAT WE MAY HAVE *DESTROYED* IT.


...BY THEN THERE WASN'T SHIT LEFT OF ME. I WAS GOOD AS DEAD AND BEGGING TO DIE...
...LET KEN WIND DROP THE BIG ONE--
--LET HIM JUST LET ME DIE--
--AND THEN A HISS ECHOED THROUGH THE MEMORIAL-- MY HEAD WAS ROLLING AROUND WHEREVER IT WANTED TO-- I GOT ANOTHER LOOK AT LINCOLN--
--ONE AT THE FLOOR--
--AND THEN I SAW HER...
Bill Sienkiewicz. 1986

INSIDE THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.
FOUR MONTHS AGO.

THERE IS A MAN I MUST KILL.
THERE IS METAL IN MY PATH.
METAL BOILED IN CAULDRONS AND MIXED BY COMPUTERS.
METAL STAMPED INTO SHAPE BY CLANKING MACHINES.
THERE IS METAL IN MY HANDS.
METAL MADE SOFT BY FIRE--
--FOLDED AND FLATTENED BY A HUNDRED THOUSAND HAMMER BLOWS--
--FOLDED, FLATTENED, PATIENTLY, LOVINGLY, ENDLESSLY...
...UNTIL EACH OF ITS MILLION LAYERS IS THINNER THAN AIR...
...UNTIL ITS EDGE IS THINNER THAN AIR...
...SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT THROUGH ANYTHING--
--MADE IN CAULDRONS--
--BY COMPUTERS.

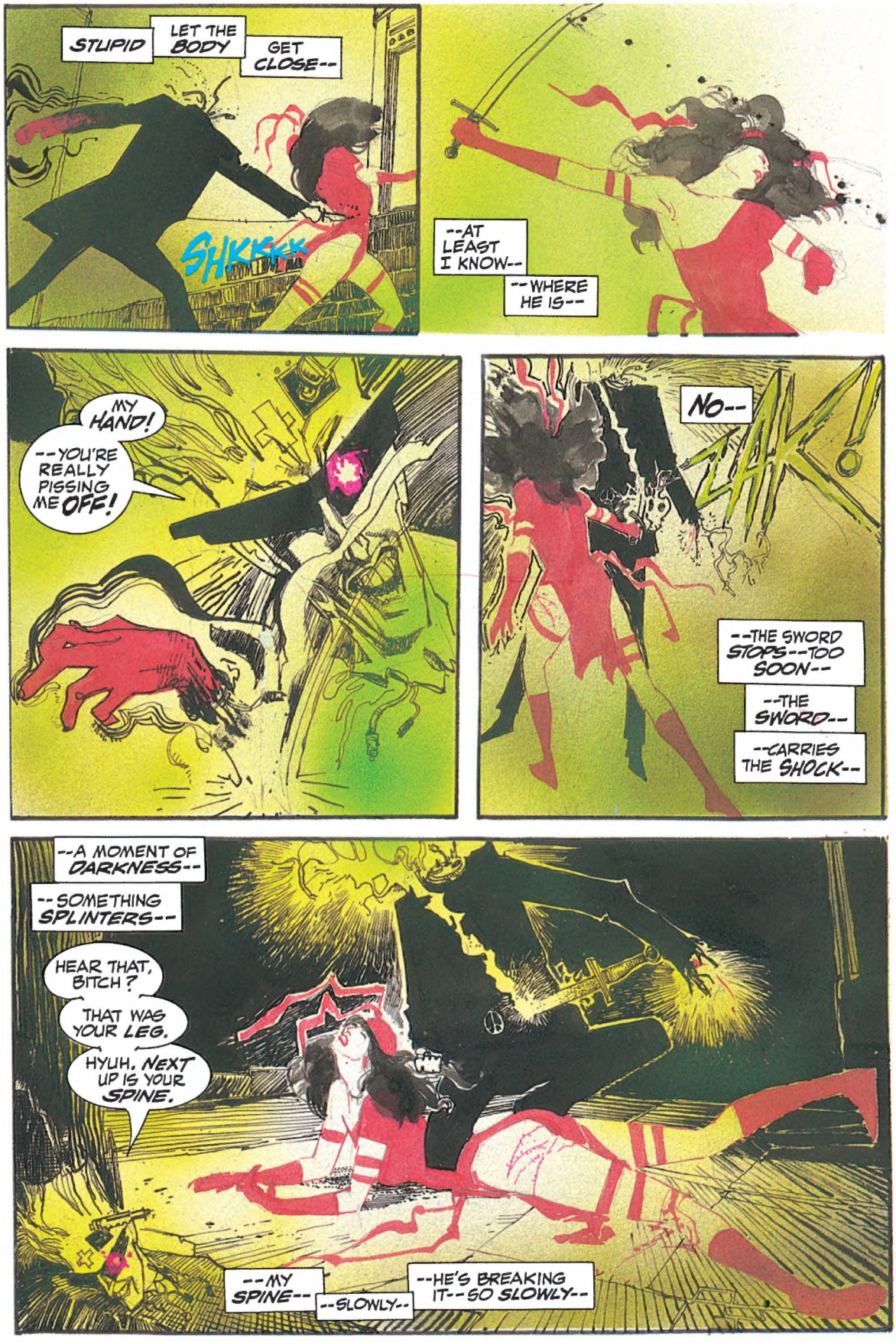
THAT'S RIGHT. ELEKTRA CUT THROUGH THE TOUGHEST ALLOYS SHIELD COULD MAKE--
--WITH A GOD DAMNED SAMURAI SWORD.
BEAKER MUST'VE BEEN SPINNING IN HIS GRAVE.
THEN CACKLING, A MOMENT LATER...
YOU BITCH.
THWAKK
ALL THE WHILE I TRIED TO GET THROUGH TO HER--
--TELL HER NOT TO LET PERRY GET HIS HEAD BACK--
CHUNKK

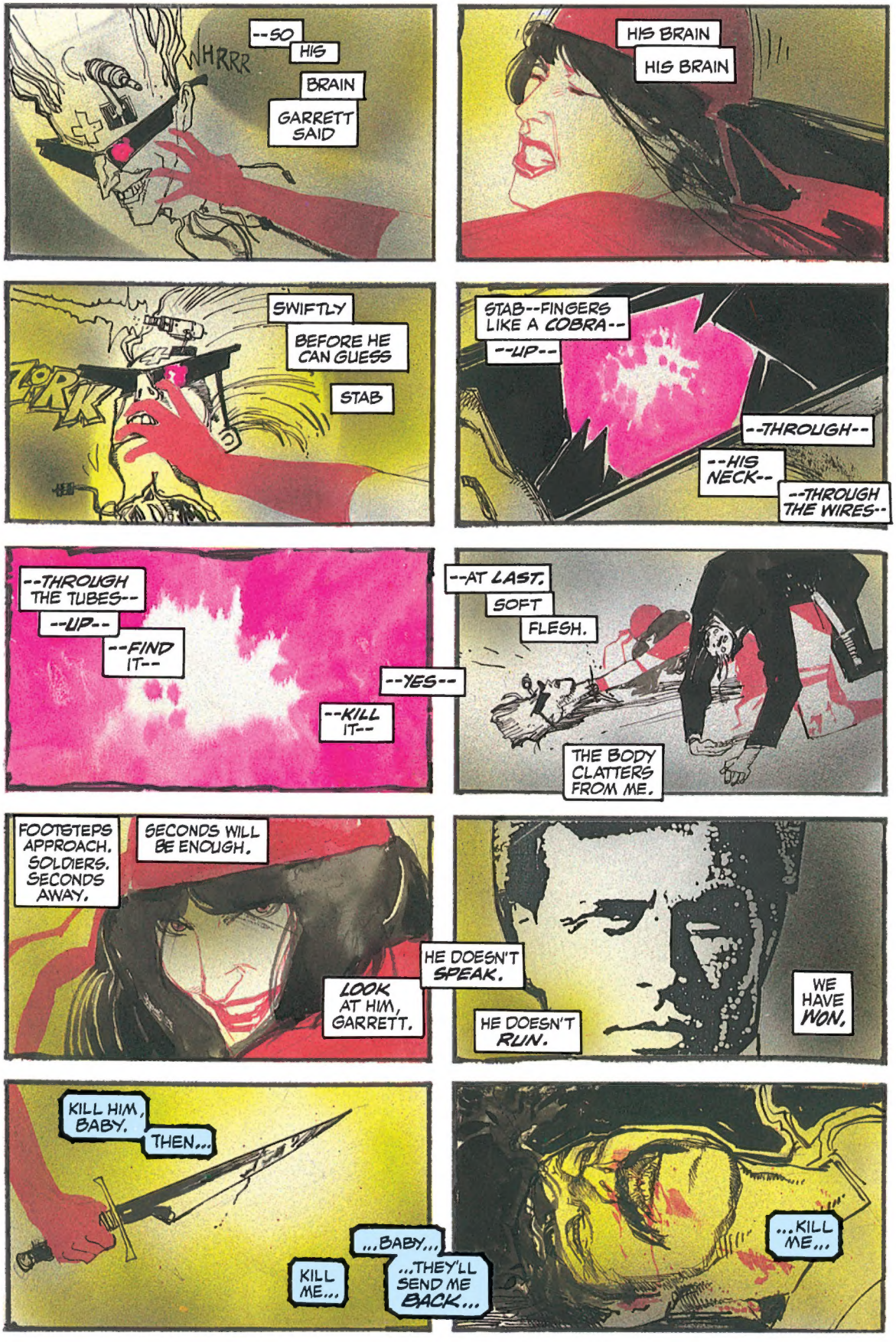

--GOOD, BABY--
LITTLE WHORE.
I GOT FRIENDS.
THEY'LL PUT ME BACK TOGETHER--
KIK

--BABY-- HIS BRAIN--
GET TO HIS
AAAA
KRUNCH

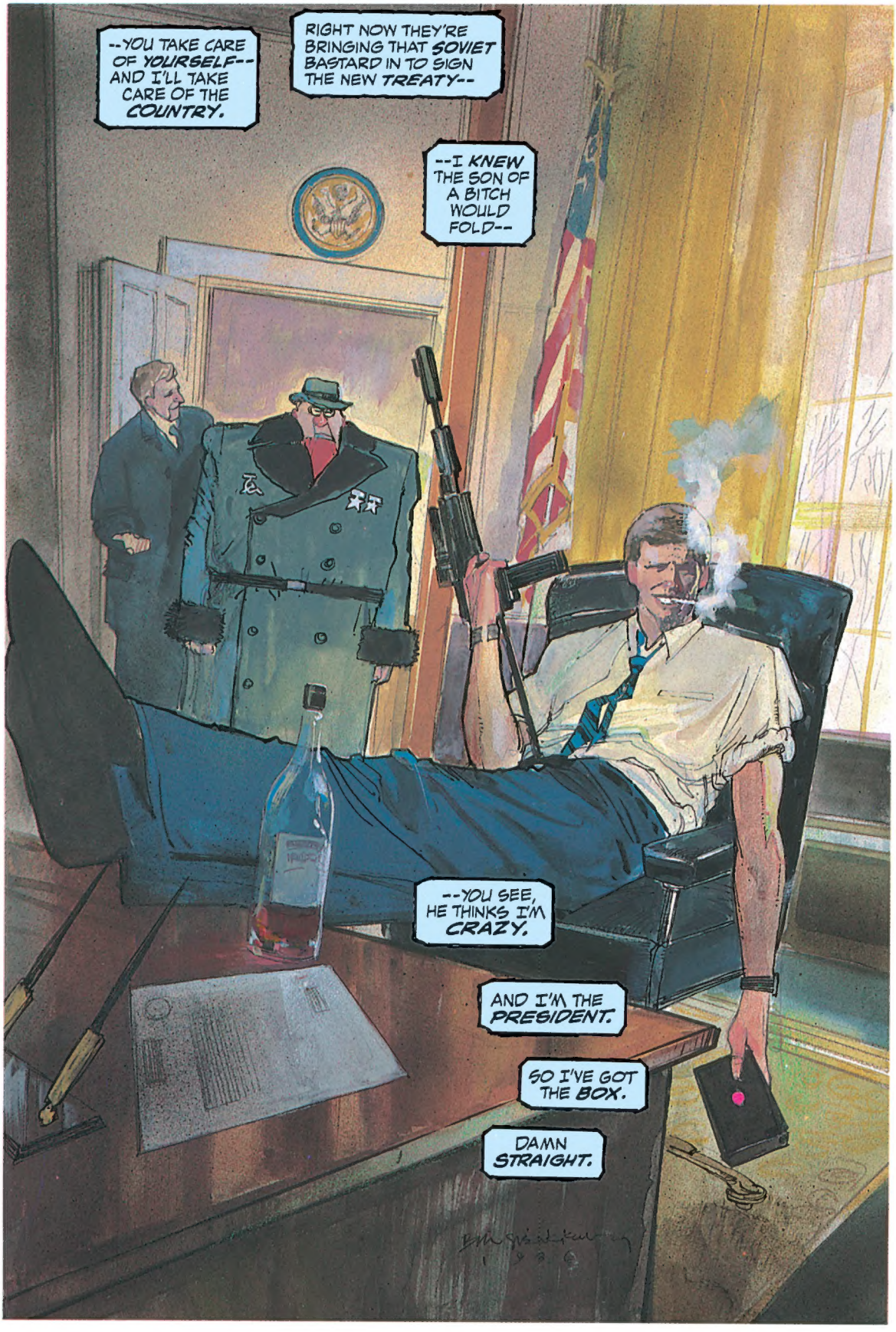
IT PAINS ME TO IMPEDE THIS FREE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS-- GARRETT--
--AND I HOPE YOU BELIEVE THAT I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR CONCERNS--
--BUT I CAN'T LET YOU IMPACT ON MY PLANS.
--THEY'LL PUT ME BACK TOGETHER--
--BUT YOU--
--WON'T EVEN FIND THE PIECES YOU WHORE.
EAT THIS--
4K-VIP ZORK
GGNAAA

WOAH HEY,
GOOD SHOT, BUNNY--
--BUT TOO LATE--
BYOW!


STUPID
LET THE BODY
GET CLOSE--
SHKKKK
--AT LEAST I KNOW--
--WHERE HE IS--
MY HAND!
--YOU'RE REALLY PISSING ME OFF!
NO--
LAK!
--THE SWORD STOPS--TOO SOON--
--THE SWORD--
--CARRIES THE SHOCK--
--A MOMENT OF DARKNESS--
--SOMETHING SPLINTERS--
HEAR THAT, BITCH?
THAT WAS YOUR LEG.
HYUH. NEXT UP IS YOUR SPINE.
--MY SPINE--
--SLOWLY--
--HE'S BREAKING IT--SO SLOWLY--


WHRRR
--SO
HIS
BRAIN
GARRETT SAID
HIS BRAIN
HIS BRAIN
ZORK
SWIFTLY
BEFORE HE CAN GUESS
STAB
STAB--FINGERS LIKE A COBRA--
--UP--
--THROUGH--
--HIS NECK--
--THROUGH THE WIRES--
--THROUGH THE TUBES--
--UP--
--FIND IT--
--YES--
--KILL IT--
--AT LAST.
SOFT
FLESH.
THE BODY CLATTERS FROM ME.
FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. SOLDIERS. SECONDS AWAY.
SECONDS WILL BE ENOUGH.
LOOK AT HIM, GARRETT.
HE DOESN'T SPEAK.
HE DOESN'T RUN.
WE HAVE WON.
KILL HIM, BABY.
THEN...
KILL ME...
...BABY...
...THEY'LL SEND ME BACK...
...KILL ME...

BRAIN...
...KILL ME HONEY HURRY UP THEY'RE ALMOST HERE...
HIS BRAIN...
...BABY...
...NO.
NO.
NO
SHE SAID NO.
FOUR MONTHS AGO.
...AND NOW SHE'S SMALL AND BLUE AND SHE'S JUST FLATTENED CHASTITY.
I WATCH IT ON THE SCREEN.
FROM HERE. IN THE WHITE HOUSE.
CHASTITY'S BREATHING. ELEKTRA KEPT HER PROMISE.
SHE KNOWS HOW MUCH I ENJOY HAVING CHASTITY SALUTE ME.
SHE PLUCKS THE SENSORS OUT, ONE BY ONE, AND GIVES THE DWARF ITS OWN LITTLE MIND BACK...
BEEN A LONG WAIT, HASN'T IT, HONEY?...
...SINCE YOU SWAPPED MINDS WITH GRUMPY THERE...
...AND SWAPPED KEN WIND'S MIND WITH MINE.
FOUR MONTHS...
...TO MAKE SURE THE AGENCY HADN'T TIPPED TO THE WHOLE ACT...
YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF NOW, DOLL--
--I'M SURE BREAKING OUT OF THE BASE WON'T BE TOO HARD FOR YOU--


--YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF-- AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE COUNTRY.
RIGHT NOW THEY'RE BRINGING THAT SOVIET BASTARD IN TO SIGN THE NEW TREATY--
--I KNEW THE SON OF A BITCH WOULD FOLD--
--YOU SEE, HE THINKS I'M CRAZY.
AND I'M THE PRESIDENT.
SO I'VE GOT THE BOX.
DAMN STRAIGHT.